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New Publications.

BUNCE'S "TIMIAS TERRYSTONE."

In many respects Oliver B. Bunce is an ideal writer. Although all his life a man of letters, he writes only when he has something to say; what he says is always worth reading, and is expressed in terse and elegant English. "My House" will be remembered as fulfilling all these conditions, and giving, with the confidence of one with knowledge and correct taste, sensible suggestions in the matter of building, furnishing and decorating a modest home. In "The Adventures of Timias Terrystone," a pure, simple little love story is the vehicle chosen by Mr. Bunce to convey some notions he has in regard to painting, and, without being at all didactic, he manages, through the personages in the book, to impart to the reader such sound views in the matter of art criticism that we can but wish that one who talks so well on the subject would talk a little more. Having honestly read the volume through—which, it may be remarked confidentially, reviewers do not always do with a work of fiction—we could, were we inclined, tell the plot of the story, which, by the way, although not very deep, is interesting enough to hold the attention. But we forbear. We prefer to cull a few characteristic bits of art criticism with which the pages abound. These fall from the lips not only of the hero, who is a painter, and from his philosophical friend and mentor, Philip Giles, who is another, but from the gentle heroine, Alice Grace who, in her artless way, offers the most fruitful suggestions on the subject to be found in the book.

"How much pleasure does it give, Timias," she asks, "supposing that it is right to make so much effort for pleasure? You cannot paint the fragrance of the flowers, nor the wind swaying through the grass. You can only paint the objects that are dead—for I think that flowers without odor, or a group of trees without the wind in their branches, or a meadow without air are only dead." Nothing puzzles the little Quakeress so much as the purpose of art, for it seems to her unworthy of a man's intelligence that his pursuit should have no other design than that of giving pleasure. Timias tells her that art is refining. "Does art make people more gentle," she asks; "does it make them purer and nobler, and fill them with a love higher and sweeter? Are artists, Timias, all good men?" "There are only two things in a picture, Tim," remarks Giles on another occasion, "that are worth our while—they are light and color. There are painters that go long distances searching for subjects to paint, and if they travelled to the crack of doom they would not find them, for he who cannot find a picture anywhere will be certain to find it nowhere."

Again, "mountains are certainly better than plains," Timias says. "Would you not rather paint the Alps than a commonplace scene like this?" and his hand sweeps the plain before them. "Distinctly, I would not," is the reply. "Observe—there are hours in which to paint, but there is little difference in places. At times you will find the light in these meadows exquisite, full of subtle beauty and even splendor, such as the skill of the best of us could not master; and so there is at times a light behind the hills that is full of radiance and glory—but always the light, the shadows, the tints that gather on the hills and hide in the copses—it is these that make the pictures the eye delights in."

Our author can paint a picture—at least in words—as well as criticise one. What can be better than the following description of a landscape the friends pause to admire "some twenty miles west of Schenectady," following a road running near the Mohawk: "The country was undulating, with orchards lying here and there, and clusters of trees on the hill-tops; with fields of waving grain revealing touches of yellow under the ripening sun, and meadows dotted with browsing cattle; with peaceful farm-houses peering through openings of trees, and stretches of a narrow, picturesque river glittering like mammoth mirrors. The sun was low in the sky, and long shadows from the trees stretched across the meadows, and behind the hills to the west a radiant light shed a benediction upon it all."

When it is said that the book is published by D. Appleton & Co., it will be understood that it is well bound and well printed. In color and design the cover is particularly good.

THE NEW VOLUME OF "THE CENTURY."

HAMERTON, the English art critic, says that "the Americans now far surpass all other nations in wood-engraving, and their delicacy of execution and manual skill is a continual marvel," and adds that "not only do they understand engraving thoroughly, but they are the best printers in the world." Had the latest volume of The Century Magazine, which we have just received (Nov. '84 to April '85), been before him, it might well have moved him to express some such eulogistic opinion; for, taken as whole, it is more than usually creditable alike to contributors, editors and publishers. In a note, the latter inform us that "during the past six months the magazine has nearly doubled its circulation—twenty-four editions and more than a million and a quarter copies of these six numbers having been printed." We congratulate them cordially on such a substantial recognition by the public of their enterprise. If the hint would be in order, we would suggest that, with such a magnificent circulation, the publishers could afford to use uniformly the same quality of paper throughout each number, excepting perhaps for the advertisements. Illustrations occur not infrequently in the "forms" in which the inferior quality of paper is used, and, artistically speaking, they suffer more or less in consequence. The numbers of The Century are so generally noticed in our columns, as they appear from month to month, that detailed mention now is unnecessary. We may remind the reader, however, that from the literary point of view this volume is notable for having the opening chapters of "The Bostonians," by Henry James; of those of the more admirable, "Rise of Silas Lapham," by W. D. Howells, and the invaluable historical papers on the Civil War by such famous participants in the struggle as Generals Grant and Beauregard and Admiral Porter.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF LONDON.

In one of the most interesting capitals in Europe, a city crowded with literary associations, the stranger helplessly wanders through a maze of streets which are exasperatingly dumb to his inquiries as to who has lived in them. In his "Literary Landmarks of London" Lawrence Hutton makes them speak to us. Only a few of the many famous old buildings are marked with the tablets of the Society of Arts, and no definite clue to their position is given even in the best guide-books. The author remarks that it is easier to-day to discover the house of a man who died two hundred years ago, before streets were numbered at all, than to identify the houses of men who died within a few years, and since the mania for changing the names and numbers of streets began. He cites, as an instance, the case of Dryden who was living in 1686, in a house "on the North side of Long Acre, over against Rose street," and easily traced now by the Dryden Press which stands upon its site; while the house in which Carlyle lived for nearly half a century, and in which he died in 1881, when it was No. 5 Great Cheyne Row, Chelsea, was in 1885 No. 24 Great Cheyne Row, with nothing to distinguish it from the new No. 5 on the opposite side of the way. The indices of the book are very full, and, from the tests to which we have submitted them, we should

say also very accurate. They are local as well as personal, and show one what places of interest are within reach, no matter where he may be. If, for instance, remembering that poor Keats lived at Hampstead, and chancing to be in the neighborhood of that charming suburb, we turn to the pages referred to under the word "Hampstead," we find where he lodged and where he walked, and we may, if we please, rest upon the very bench where William Howitt last saw "the poet of 'The Pot of Basil' sitting, and sobbing his dying breath into a handkerchief, glancing parting looks toward the quiet landscape he had delighted in so much, and musing, as in his 'Ode to the Nightingale.'" From there we can walk across the Heath to "the Upper Flask," the summer resort of the famous Kit-Kat Club, now no longer an inn, however, but a private house. While methodical in arrangement, Mr. Hutton's book is the most readable work of reference we know. Every American visitor to London should have a copy of it in his satchel, and every Cockney should bless the genial author for doing so well what it was the duty of some one of his own kin to have done years ago. We confess to one disappointment, but we must say that is due to no fault of the author. Despite the restriction indicated in the title of the book, we turned to the index, hoping to find at least incidental reference to men like Blake, Hogarth, and Turner. But the scope of the present volume does not allow mention of either painters or actors. Mr. Hutton leads us to hope, however, that succeeding volumes may include both. The publishers, James R. Osgood & Co., will do a service to the public by adopting the suggestion.

LITERARY NOTES.

ARTISTS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY has been such a useful book of reference that we hailed with satisfaction James R. Osgood & Co.'s announcement of a revised edition of it. An examination of the work in its new form is very disappointing. The two original volumes are bound in one which, by the use of thinner paper than before, is not unwieldy, and, where any addition could be made in the text by the alteration of a single line in the electrotyped plates it has been done. Beyond this, there is no alteration from nor any revision of the original edition of 1879. An appendix is the least that might have been expected in a book of reference so out of date as to mention Bartholdi and say nothing about his statue of "Liberty," to omit altogether the names of Vorest-chagin and Antokolski, and such Americans as Alexander Harrison, Francis J. Boggs, Jules Stewart, Henry Mosler, and Leon and Percy Moran. It will not be long, we hope, before we have a real revision of the work, and the editors will show then, we trust, a fitter sense of proportion than has led them to give Walter Satterlee half a page and Sargent seven lines; Mr. and Mrs. Loop a page and a half between them and Dannat nine lines.

THE LIFE AND REMINISCENCES OF GUSTAVE DORÉ, by Blanche Roosevelt (Mme. Marchatti), announced some months ago in these columns, is soon to be issued, by Messrs. Cassell & Co. Among the several hundred illustrations to the book, there are to be many not hitherto published.

BOOK NEWS is an interesting and unusually well-printed monthly publication, whose aim is sufficiently told in the title. Hitherto unknown to us, we chanced upon a copy recently, and looked at first in vain for the name of the publisher. Found at last in small type, and modestly placed among other advertisements in the number, it proved to be John Wanamaker, the enterprising Philadelphian, who, it appears, brings it out in connection with the book department of his business. At the absurdly low price of twenty-five cents a year, post-paid, Book News ought to have a great circulation. Much of the reading matter consists of reviews of books judiciously selected from the best sources.

It is seldom one can award such unqualified praise to an American novel of the day as belongs to "Trajan," by Henry F. Keenan, who, it may be remembered, contributed anonymously the opening chapters of the book to "The Manhattan" magazine, not long since deceased. The story is laid in Paris, at the time of the downfall of the third Napoleon. The chief characters are Americans, the hero being Trajan Gray, an artist living in the Latin Quarter. Abundant action, crisp and often brilliant dialogue, and admirable touches of local color are all found in this interesting volume, which, we venture to say, has not been approached in excellence by any historical novel that has appeared in the language since "A Tale of Two Cities" added to the reputation of Charles Dickens. That dramatic story of the "Reign of Terror" and this one of the Commune, by the way, are not to be read together without profit to the student of French history. (Cassell & Co., Limited.)

A SELECTION from the poems of James Russell Lowell, with notes, has been published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in the cheap but attractive Riverside Literature Series.

TALES FROM MANY SOURCES is another of the cheap series of reprinted short stories which are in vogue just now. Dodd, Mead & Co. are the publishers. The two volumes already issued show discrimination in the selections.

HOW ARTISTS' MATERIALS ARE MADE.

THERE is no surer sign of the constantly growing number of painters, professional and amateur, in this country, than the rapidly increasing demand for artists' materials of native manufacture. A few years ago the idea would have been scouted that American colors and brushes could equal the imported English, French and German goods; but every one who has looked into the matter knows now that such supplies are just as well made in this country as abroad. When it is necessary to employ a foreign workman for certain specialties it is done, and when certain raw materials not produced here are needed, he is furnished with them. The American manufacturer only needs the increased confidence of the consumer to be indifferent to foreign competition at home; for the larger wages he has to pay and the higher prices for material are more than balanced by the heavy import duties on the foreign goods. This conclusion has been reached after a recent visit to the works of Messrs. F. W. Devoe & Co. and inspection of their manufacture of tube colors, brushes and Academy board; and the preparation of artists' canvas—for the fabric itself is imported.

Especially interesting is the method of making and charging the collapsible tube. A circular piece of block tin, less than an inch in diameter, is dropped into a knowing little machine, where, struck by a steel plunger, it descends, and reappears immediately an open tube, with a neck ready for a "thread" to be turned on it; which operation having been performed by another machine, it receives the cap. Color is then, by a neat cylindrical contrivance, forced into the tube, and a boy, standing by with pincers in hand, closes the other end. The collapsible tube, which the painter nowadays would find it hard to do without, was invented by an American named Rand, nearly thirty years ago. He could do nothing with it in this country, because no one then thought it would pay to make moist colors for artists. So he took it to Paris, where he sold the patent, and some one no doubt has made large fortune by it.

The finest brushes are made from the fur of the Russian sable, squirrel, martin, fitch and chinchilla. The tail of our Western skunk makes an excellent pencil. "Camel's-hair" gives the name to the best kind of brushes, but the hair of that animal is not used

at all now, if, indeed, it ever was. There is nothing better than fine sable. Badger is employed for a somewhat coarser grade, and bear's hair for varnish brushes. What are called "French hog bristles" are generally American, sent in a raw state to Paris, and returned nicely cleaned, sorted and put up in neatly branded packages. For common paint and varnish brushes it is not found necessary to send the native bristles abroad to be cleaned and sorted; those operations are performed on the premises. The bristles having been well washed and dried, a bunch is rubbed over a fine wire screen ingeniously contrived, so that the hairs with roots uppermost remain there and those with the points uppermost fall through, afterward to be taken up and sorted over in the same way. The making of the artist's brush is very simple. Boys armed with scissors cut off from the fur little bunches of hair, selecting only such as is elastic. It is then washed, dried and assorted as to lengths and colors. A workman seated at a table puts a portion of hair into a little brass cup, something like a thimble, with lead at the bottom to make it heavy, strikes it on the table to make the ends come together, and inserts it in the quill; or he puts it into a tin ferule, into which a little glue has been dropped, and the handle is put on; or the hair is secured in the ferule by being bitten with pincers and nailed; or it is secured by both nails and glue.

In the preparation of Academy board a heavy coating of paint is first put on the coarse pasteboard. This is rubbed down with pumice stone, removing all imperfections. There are several more coatings, and, on drying, each is subjected to further rubbing, the finishing one being applied by a contrivance on the principle of a printer's roller. As has been said, the rough canvas is imported. Before the surface is prepared for the painting, all knots or loose threads are carefully removed with pincers. For stretching the canvas on the frame, the use of the very ingenious key invented by the artist, A. D. Shattuck, is generally adopted, obviating the old-time necessities of dovetailing and insertion of wooden wedges.

TREATMENT OF THE DESIGNS.

PLATE 442 is a design for a mirror frame—"Tulips." In painting this either wood, brass, leather or plush may be used for the frame. The oblong space a little to the right is occupied by the mirror itself. Part of the design is carried across the glass, which should, therefore, be set in without a bevel. The flowers are deep red and yellow mixed, and some are plain yellow, while those lower down are yellow marked with white. The leaves are a light silvery green, very gray in quality. To paint the deep red tulips use madder lake, ivory black, a little cobalt with what white is needed, in the general tone of shadow, adding a little orange cadmium to the madder lake and black in the richer red touches, such as reflected lights. For the lights use vermilion, madder lake, white, yellow ochre and ivory black, adding a little raw umber and cobalt in the half tints. The yellow flowers are painted with light cadmium, yellow ochre, white and a little ivory black for the general tones. In the shadows use medium cadmium, a little light red, raw umber, ivory black, and white. In the deeper yellow flowers use deep cadmium in place of light cadmium, but combined in the same way. The green leaves are painted with permanent blue, white, cadmium, light red and ivory black for the general tones; in the shadows use permanent blue, cadmium, burnt Sienna, madder lake and ivory black. The brighter and warmer touches of light green are made by substituting Antwerp blue for permanent blue. The yellow stamens in the centre of the flowers are painted with yellow ochre, cadmium, white, burnt Sienna and ivory black.

Plate 443.—Dessert plate design—"Myrtle." Mix a very little deep golden violet with deep blue for the flowers, blending the color delicately on the petals toward the centre. Shade with the same. For the opening in the centre of the flowers use brown green. Use grass green and a little deep blue mixed for the calyxes, and on the outside of the tube of the flower use but a shadow tint of the mixture of blue and deep golden violet. Use grass green and a little deep blue added for the leaves and buds, shading with brown green. Outline with deep purple and brown No. 17 mixed.

Plate 444.—Designs for four doilies from the Royal School of Art Needlework, at South Kensington.

Plate 445.—Panel design for wood-carving—"Swamp Rose."

Plate 446.—Design—"Nasturtiums"—by Kappa for seventeen tiles for a fireplace facing. Paint the flowers in various shades of yellow, red and brown—light yellow and orange yellow, with light or dark red centre marks on petals; orange yellow, striped, spotted and marked with orange red; capuchin red, red brown, violet of iron; yellow brown and sepia shaded with dark brown. Shade the yellow with brown green, the reds with darker shades of red, or red and black mixed. Do not put red or brown over yellow, as it may fade out in firing. The back of the petals should be paler and lighter than the face of the flowers. For the leaves, use medium green (brown green, chrome green and emerald green). Some of the leaves may be darker than others, and where one leaf laps over another a shadow may be painted on the under one. When dry, take out the veins of the leaves, and paint them light green. For the stems, veins of the leaves and calyx of the buds, add a little brown green to apple green. For the calyx of the flowers add yellow to this, making a light, greenish yellow. The footstalks of the petals are yellow below the sharp points, even in the dark flowers. Make the vases blue gray, with the pattern in a darker shade of the same color (mix dark blue and black) or the body of the vase may be left white with the pattern in dark blue. Background mottled, shading from light brown, brown green, dark green, with sparing touches of red—or well-matched light yellow brown tiles may be used. Outline with black or brown green.

The charming little designs on page 17 will be found suitable for many pretty decorative articles, but more especially for a hanging letter rack, being intended to go together, and being exactly the right size and proportion for that purpose. The painting may be done upon canvas, Russia leather, kid or any dark-colored linen or duck, and either oil or water-colors are to be used. When finished, the pieces are neatly bound with gold braid and mounted upon a foundation the same width, but four inches longer. In mounting, a V-shaped piece of leather or cloth is set in at the ends to allow the flaps to open and shut easily. A distance of two inches is left between the pieces at the top. In painting these designs, keep the whole scheme of color light and delicate. In the upper one make the background a gray stone wall, with light green shutters at the window, and rather light red silk curtains showing through. The flower box is green and the flowers red and pink. Vary the children's dresses harmoniously, making them respectively light blue, pink, white, and the last one with a light yellow slip over red and white striped skirt. Vary the hair and complexions also.

In the second design paint a light blue sky overhead and a wheatfield in the background. These four quaint little figures are all dressed alike, with pink and white striped slips over little figured pink and white skirts and light blue sashes. The color of the hair may be made a little different in each, but should be light in all. Make the flowers in the foreground white, yellow and pink, and the foliage very light green, and let all the tones be largely qualified by grays.